

A pair of monuments invoke the source and the destination of the waters that flow through the confluence of Los Gatos Creek and the Guadalupe River. A slice of serpentine meadow, lifted tantalizingly out of reach, recalls the mountains where the headwaters form. In its shade, a jade green boulder field is a place to lounge or play. On the opposite bank, a slab of salt weeps pink brine like the sloughs where the river empties into the bay. Against its translucent walls, people gather on a network of boardwalks and platforms to dance, trade, pray, and take killer selfies.